

VOL. VIII

Registered U. S. Patent Office  
MAY, 1927

No. 4



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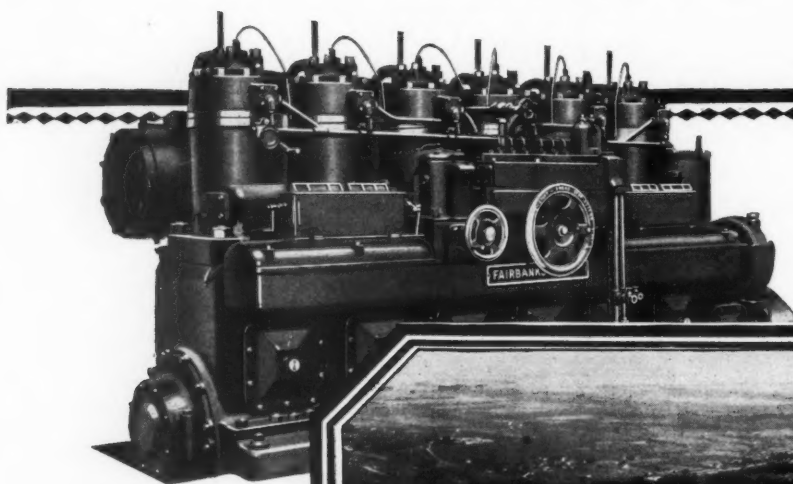
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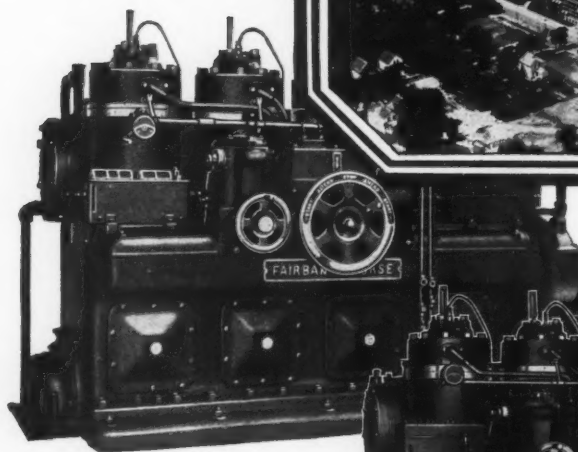
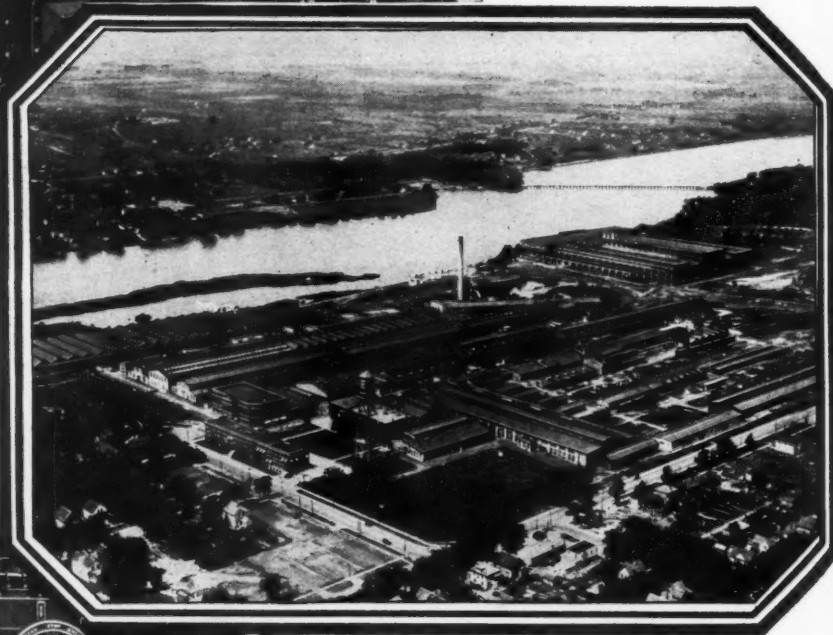


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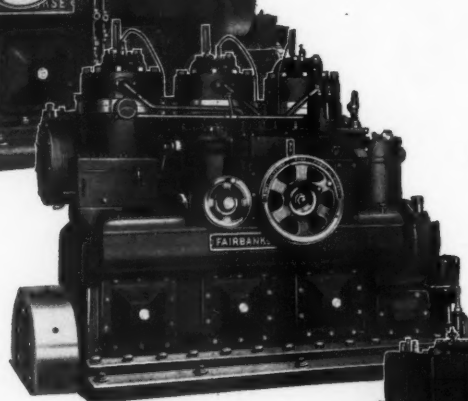


6-cyl.  
360 hp. and 180 hp.

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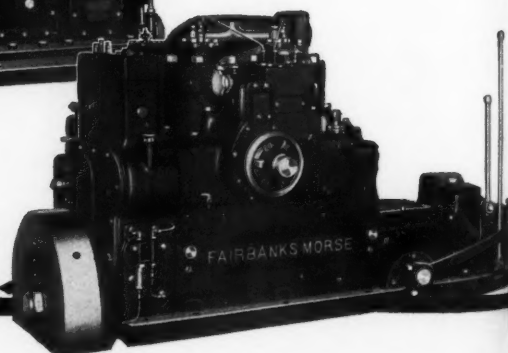
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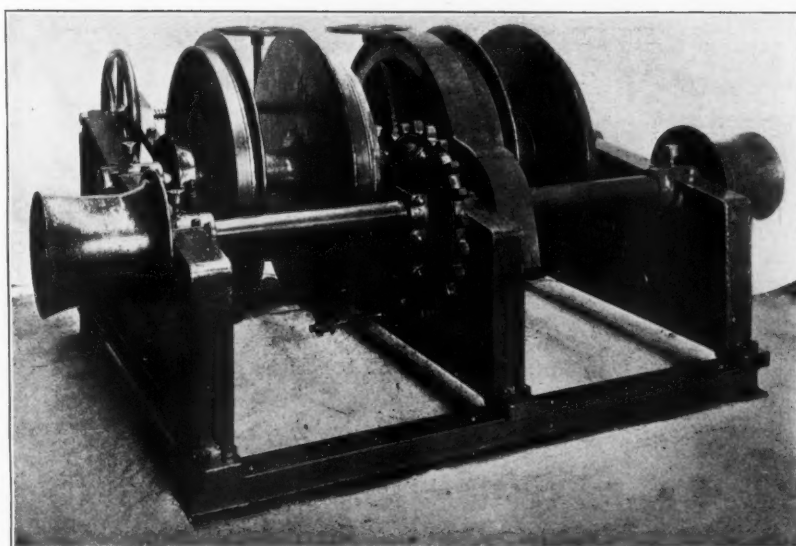
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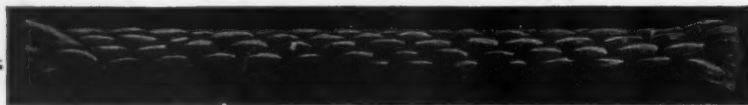
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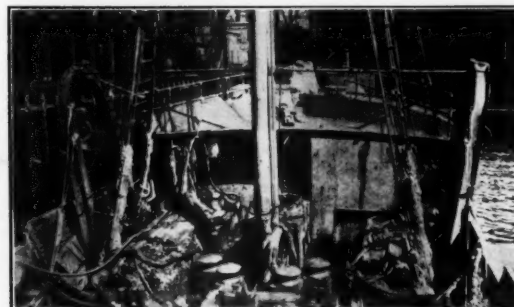
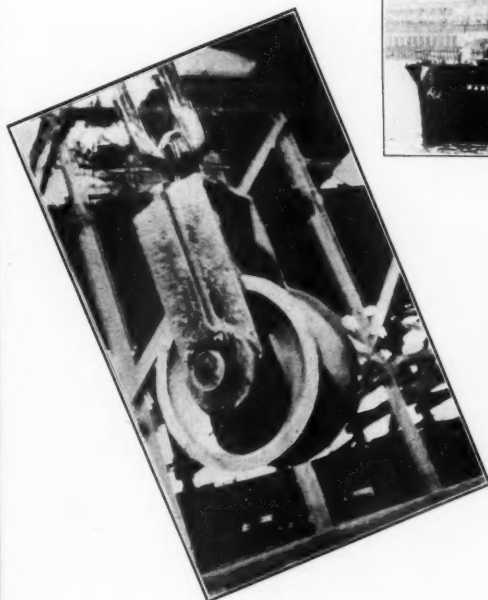
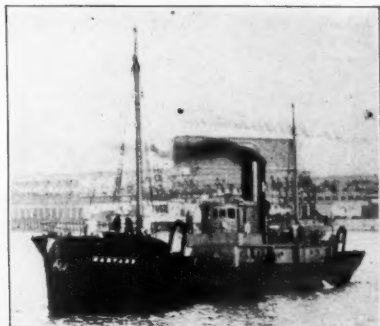
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The *Harvard* carries 14" sheaves. We have smaller sheaves on hand in 10" and 12" sizes, fitted with high grade "Lubrite" bushings.

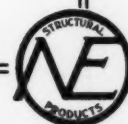
*For information regarding parts or  
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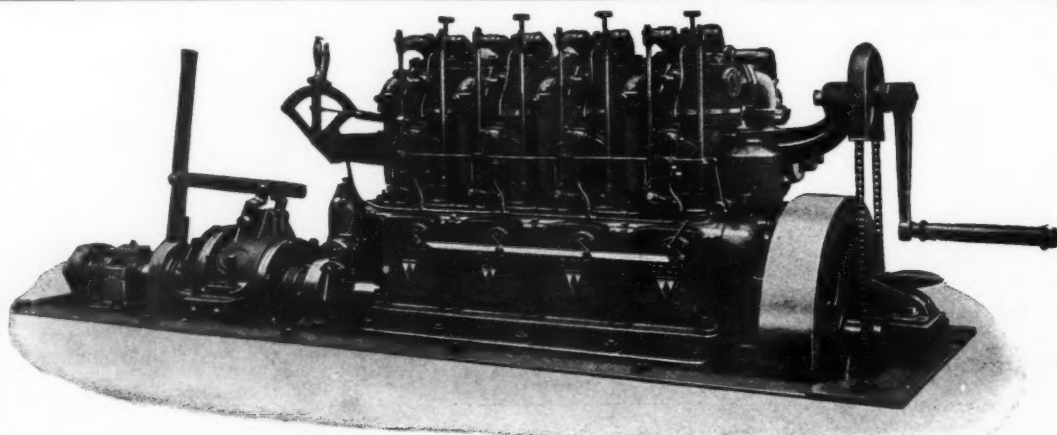
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FIG. 71

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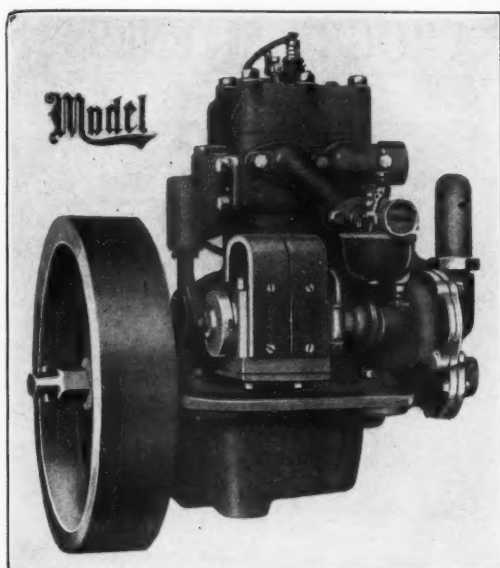
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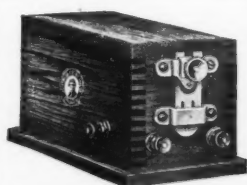
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**DO IT RIGHT** and it will not have to be done again because the glue will not let go, and being elastic, it will give and take with the seam.

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156 Kneeland St., Boston, Mass.

The purpose of the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is to be a factor in the industrial growth of the commercial fisheries. To this end, the magazine is dedicated to the prime factors, in effect the creators, of the industry—fish producers, men who either fish themselves or who are instrumental in production through immediate interest in floating property.

The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN serves its readers by discussing fishery topics; by presenting new methods, gear and designs by being sufficiently interesting to afford relaxation from the strain undergone by those who follow the sea.

While we realize that successful re-handling and re-selling are vital to producers, experience shows that the division between distribution and production is so distinct in the fishing industry that it is impossible to serve both faithfully. Therefore, the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is published exclusively for producers—captains, owners and crews of fishing craft.

# ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

Registered U. S. Patent Office

"The Fisherman's Magazine"

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## There's Something All Wrong

**K**ING mackerel is never satisfied to do things in a reasonable, consistent manner. Mackerel records of one kind or another are constantly in vogue. This season is no exception, but this year's records are not enviable ones.

First, the largest sail of seiners in years went south early and were weeks in getting the fish. Big bills for grub and oil were run up while they searched for the schools. The first landings this year were ten days later than last and a week later than 1925.

Opening prices were very satisfactory, with the wholesalers giving thirty-two cents against twenty-five to twenty-eight a year ago. The first day of the 1927 season, April 20, 132,000 pounds were landed, while on April 11, 1926 there were 195,000. However, this year when the season was two days old, over 300,000 pounds had been brought in and the price was down to 13c. It remained there a few days, but before the end of the month there were times when fish brought as little as a cent and a half.

It seems impossible—mackerel in April selling for 1½c. To be sure previous to May 1 the landings, like those at the Boston Fish Pier, were considerably greater than in the past. The total mackerel catch up to the end of April this year was 24,265 barrels. The last four years during the corresponding period it was: 1926, 9,611 bbls.; 1925, 11,634 bbls.; 1924, 6,234 bbls.; 1923, 2,897 bbls. At Boston since January 1 there have been 75,618,619 pounds in 1,657 trips, an increase of 20% and over 150 more trips.

This year, if the heavy catch and low prices continue, will surpass 1885. That year the enormous total of 500,000 barrels of mackerel was reached. April 26, 1927 is a day that

will stand comparison with any in the early season. Twenty-five vessels, some loaded to the scuppers, landed over a million pounds at Cape May and New York. There were several trips around seventy-five and eighty thousand, and the average was near fifty thousand. This year is a case of "When high-line go in debt, low-line no make much." There certainly is something wrong with the fishing industry when a good staple foodstuff is in such little demand at the very beginning of the season as to command only a cent and a half for the producer.

When the fleet reaches Boston the gluts should be more or less eliminated under the new plan of the Fishing Masters Producers' Association, but at best the fact remains that the fundamentals are wrong, and will not be rectified until a greater demand for fish is created. The Association will pay its agent 1% for handling the mackerel produced by members. It's one per cent well spent, but if another was used to advertise the product both percentages would come back with interest.

For the time being at least, national advertising on a real large scale is something that the industry will not pay for, but the

Producers' Association is in a position to advertise mackerel as a specialty. It could protect itself from the competition of non-advertised fish produced by other than its membership by branding each fish with a sticker or a tag similar to the tin label on plug tobacco, and then advertise the association brand or trade mark the same as apples, for example, are advertised.

The value of the 1926 mackerel catch was approximately \$1,500,000. One per cent of this would be \$15,000 or a sum sufficient to make an effective campaign on this one fish.

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As It's  
Done in the  
South



Photo by  
H. Armstrong Roberts





## The Dean of Maine's Salt Water Fisheries

By Alfred Elden

**L**UTHER Maddocks, of Boothbay Harbor, is very generally conceded the title "Dean of Maine's Salt Water Fisheries". He was 82 this past March, and is planning actively to engage in the sardine packing business this summer. He owns two plants, one at Boothbay Harbor, the other at Round Pond. He is undoubtedly the oldest proprietor sardine canner in the United States and also has the distinction of having canned various other salt water products for nearly 65 years.

When the average man reaches the age of 80, jobs as a rule, don't go looking for him. One did in Mr. Maddocks case. Two years ago he was appointed manager of the East Harbor Fertilizer Company, at Provincetown, Mass., and during the fish-scrap season has since then put in most of his time at the plant.

"I have never worn glasses," said Mr. Maddocks, "but happening to be in Boston a short time ago, it occurred to me that I might be getting along to an age where possibly I needed them! Not that I couldn't see perfectly well, but so many of us young fellows wear glasses today, I felt rather lonesome. So I had an oculist give me a thorough test. When he got all through he told me I didn't need them! So I guess I'll have to remain out of style."

Incidentally, Mr. Maddocks has a fine head of iron gray hair many a man half his years might envy; his own firm, strong teeth, and good health abounding. He has hardly had a sick day in his life. This he attributes to a sound constitution to start with, which he has always taken care of, to temperate habits, plenty of hard work and regular hours of rest.

To be familiar with Mr. Maddock's history since he was a young man is also to be familiar with the fishing industry of the Maine coast. It is impossible to enumerate more than a few of the most notable of his achievements. He started in the poggy business in 1866 and was engaged in it until the bottom dropped out in 1878.

"In looking for a site for a factory," said Mr. Maddocks, "my father and I went to Damariscove, Ocean Point, Squirrel Island and other points handy to Boothbay Harbor. I'll never forget how near we came to owning Squirrel Island, now one of Maine's most noteworthy summer resorts.

"It was then owned by a Mr. Greenleaf. He had a yoke of oxen, 2 cows and 20 sheep, and he offered us those and the whole island for \$2,200! We would have given him \$2,000 that day, but after some dickering decided to locate at Dogfish Head across in the Sheepscot River. Squirrel Island at \$2,200, in view of its subsequent development, would have been some buy!

"After several years in the poggy or menhaden business the fish disappeared and I had to turn to something else. It seemed to me there should be money in canning lobsters, sardines and mackerel, so I built a factory at Boothbay Harbor. I started on lobsters and clams. We used to buy small lobsters for one cent a pound delivered on board our smacks which were collecting all around the near-by shores. About five pounds of raw lobster meat filled a one-pound can. We also packed clams which we could then buy for 20 cents a bushel. Male help cost \$1.00 and \$1.25 a day and female help 50 cents. That, of course, was before the days of the working woman as we know her in the



*Luther Maddocks*

present era.

"While sardine herring were abundant all along the coast and in the harbors nobody seemed to have the courage to pack the little fish. It was before the days of traps and weirs and there was no means of catching them in wholesale quantities. I owned the first small-meshed seine ever made in our vicinity and had we been able to foresee the future of the great sardine industry I and my associates could doubtless have become very wealthy.

"Herring seven or eight inches long were abundant around Damariscove Island, but there was no market for

them. I induced Captain Moses Rowe to fit out his little vessel *Nellie* in the Fall and catch some of these fish for lobster bait and any other market. That was the beginning of herring fishing along our coast west of Passamaquoddy Bay. We packed a few thousand cases of herring in one-pound tins, the same sized cans we used for lobster and clams.

"On a trip to New York, I saw a few Lake Erie herring frozen in pans with ice and salt. Up to that time there was no freezing establishment on the entire Atlantic Coast. I went to Sandusky, Cleveland and Detroit and investigated the methods of refrigeration. Then I came home and started the first fish freezing plant on salt water shores. At Boothbay I fitted up a room that would hold 500 barrels. I filled it that season and sold the frozen bait to fishermen out of Portland and Gloucester, making more than 100% on my venture."

Back in the 70s Mr. Maddocks built the Algea Fertilizer Company plant at Boothbay Harbor and began making fertilizer from dried rockweed. He invented and patented a process for drying and grinding the rockweed and secured a three years' contract with the Quinnipiac Company, of New Haven, to take the entire output for \$30 a ton. Rockweed fertilizer proved a wonder on the Connecticut strawberry and tobacco lands and for the full three years the factory prospered. Then other commercial fertilizers began to appear, prices dropped, and the rockweed product could not be turned out as cheaply as fish-scrap fertilizer.

Mr. Maddocks had learned all there was to know about dogfish, both as a fertilizer and as a food, half a century before the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries began experiments in canning it under the name of grayfish.

"Yes, I undertook to manufacture dogfish into oil and scrap," the veteran of the fishing industry told me. "You see when we had to abandon the rockweed fertilizer I had a large factory on my hands. I advertised that I would pay the fishermen two cents apiece for dogfish. They were running large in size at that time and a good many fishermen made money catching them for me on hand lines, while others set trawls especially for them."

"They brought them in and pitched them out on the wharf where my men took charge of them. The livers were removed, and the bodies cooked and pressed. Dogfish made a very good substitute for pogie scrap. The livers were steamed and yielded a great amount of oil which sold well at 25 cents a gallon."

"The first year we bought 2,000,000 dogfish, the second 1,500,000 and the third 500,000. I don't know that we thinned the fish out any but they changed their feeding grounds and were not so available to us. The chief difficulty in the way of developing any kind of a dogfish industry is the objection the fishermen have to handling the disagreeable pests as long as they can make a living catching the recognized food fishes."

"The dogfish hordes have increased greatly within the past few years as they have no enemies and breed six or eight young annually. During the warm summer months they are everywhere from the bottom to the top of the water in such immense quantities other fish have little chance against them."

"I made extensive experiments in canning dogfish half a century ago, putting the fish up in many different forms and demonstrating conclusively that as a food fish they will never be accepted by our American people."

"I should like to see the Government pay a bounty of two cents for every dogfish tail the fishermen would bring in. This would not be a prohibitively costly experiment and if it did not work out well could be abandoned. The idea is right here. Even at two cents apiece the fishermen wouldn't save the whole dogfish. They won't mix them in with their food fish and there isn't room in a small fishing boat to rig up a separate bin for dogfish."

"But if a fisherman knew he could cash in every tail for two cents I believe the ranks of dogfish would soon be decimated to a point where our fishermen would not be driven from their vocations as they frequently are now. The dead carcasses of the tailless dogfish would soon be scavenged by other predaceous denizens of the sea."

"Government fertilizer factories are another solution. Private enterprise won't attempt dogfish reduction works because of the expense and the uncertainty of a steady supply. But with Uncle Sam back of such an enterprise

and properly conducted, dogfish fertilizer and oil factories should be more than self-supporting."

"The amount of nitrogen contained in a dogfish runs considerably more than in any other specie of fish owing to the large percentage of meat and less bone. The oil is heavily charged with glycerine much needed in making explosives. The coming way of catching dogfish will be through the medium of a contrivance something like a beam-trawl, but it will be operated nearer the surface as dogfish swim higher than cod or haddock."

In the early 60s Mr. Maddocks was the only Maine student at Eastman's Business College in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. and the first ever to graduate there from the Pine Tree State. He entered business with his father at Boothbay Harbor in the store of J. & J. Maddocks.

"We had a great trade with adjoining towns," Mr. Maddocks told me in reminiscent vein. "Everything was on credit then, cash sales being almost unknown. We had a fleet of 13 sails that we fitted out. They employed 150 men and we had 1,000 accounts on our ledger. We fitted out these men and their families every spring. The fleet got away early for a trip to the Western Banks after salt cod and returned generally about the first of July."

"The fish were taken out and put in our storehouses, resalted in kenchies to remain there a few months until the weather became cool enough to dry them for the West Indies and South American trade. They were first washed on both sides with a white oak scrub broom, and piled up to drain before they were placed on the flakes to dry. This furnished a great deal of employment to the old men and boys."

"For many years this was an established business. Large fleets of vessels were built up all along the Maine and Massachusetts coasts. At one time there was a fleet of 60 vessels hailing from Southport, 150 from Boothbay, 40 from Westport, while all the other seaport towns added their proportionate quota. These vessels were manned, commanded and partly owned by those hardy men who went in them, and for many years they drew a bounty of \$4 a ton from the government. The limit of size was 90 tons but they were obliged to spend four months in the cod fishery before they were entitled to the Federal bounty."

"The bounty was granted by an act of Congress to encourage the upbuilding of this fishing industry and also to fit seamen for the navy which it certainly did. Lincoln County alone had nearly 500 sail of vessels at one time."

"These have all passed out of existence and the business long ago became a closed chapter. After the Civil War in 1865 the bounty act was repealed for no good reason. The passage of the Washington treaty which admitted Canadian fish to our markets free of duty had a further blighting influence on our fish business. Our vessels were finally sold for what they would bring."

"In the fall months the fleet fitted out for mackerel jiggling in the Bay of Chaleur. Purse-seines were unknown and we caught our mackerel with hook and line. Vessels hove to and threw wash-bait to raise fish to the surface. To handle three or four mackerel jigs at one time as some of those young fellows did was a science."

"The first purse-seine used in the waters adjacent to Boothbay Harbor was employed at Southport by a little company of retired fishermen who clubbed together and bought it, and kept it stored on Cape Newagen. The first school of mackerel that was taken in it was early in September, 1865, just outside of Cape Harbor near what is called 'The Ark'."

"They were large Number One fish and were taken ashore at Gray's Wharf and dressed for market. The net stock was about \$8,000. There were ten shareholders, and, as I recall it, my father had one share and received \$809. That was the beginning of mackerel seining along this shore."

## New Serial

**B**EGINNING with the June issue of the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN, "With Captain Bill in the North Bay," a thrilling narrative of the old mackerel seining days by Charles Freeman Herriek, will appear regularly in place of the Liverpool Jarge yarns which are concluded with this number. Many of our readers will remember Mr. Herriek by the short stories which he has written for us from time to time. Others have read his longer tales in book form.

## The One Hawser Fleet

The following verses were found in an old ledger of the late Henry Clark of Southwest Harbor. An account on the page on which they were written was dated at Gouldsboro, April 10, 1856. We are indebted to Willard Gott of Brooklin for them, and also for information of the occasion of their writing. Evidently the vessels mentioned were supposedly "Bounty Jumpers". It seems that years ago when the government gave a bounty to fishermen, some took advantage of official generosity by taking any old tub of a schooner to the custom house and having it inspected just to get the bounty fee. They would go out into the Bay a few times, probably not even wetting their gear. Anything that would float was at it. The bounty is also mentioned in the accompanying article on Luther Maddocks.—Ed.

COME all ye bold mariners that plow the raging main,  
That go to sea in fishing crafts and safe return again,  
Come listen to my story, the truth to you I'll say  
Concerning of those fishing crafts that cruise Placentia Bay.

'Tis first they'll go to Durgin's, their crafts to fit away,  
Then they'll go round to Goose Cove and there in harbor lay  
Until their planting's over  
and then they will  
set sail,  
Bound all for Goose Cove  
ground to face both  
storm and gale.

There is the good craft  
*Russell* all fitted  
for the sea,  
Commanded by Capt. Michael, a smart  
young man is he.  
Oh, do not be so venturesome,  
she'll spill  
you by and by,  
Her seams are calked with  
Goose Cove mud,  
go on, let her dry.

Your craft was built in  
olden times and  
you were young  
and gay,  
Oh, do not be so venturesome as to venture in the bay,  
And up to Moose Island there is a dangerous place you  
know  
For off those high mountains the wind doth fiercely blow.

There is the good craft *Triton* belonging to your fleet,  
Her Capt. he goes out in Placentia Bay his living for to  
get,

And he has been out once this year, that very well I know  
But he only stayed one hour for the wind began to blow.

On the 30th day of June, my boys, the *Russell* she set sail  
And followed by the *Triton* with a sweet and pleasant gale.  
The wind was north by east, my boys, which blows right off  
the shore,



Boothbay Harbor In the Old Days of Shipping.

Our salt you know we have none and our graplins will not  
hold  
Our twisted withes they are too short the water is so bold.

There is the *Amarantiha*, *Edward*, *Leader* and the *Russell*  
The *Triton* and the *Peacock* which makes quite a bustle  
And when they get inspected they're friendly as a brother  
For we only have ONE HAWSER and we lend it to each  
other.

And brot them to Moose  
Island where they'd  
often been before.

Says Michael to his men,  
my boys, 'tis a  
good place to go  
For Freeman in the cut-  
ter can't see us  
here I know  
He is snug moored in Bass  
Harbor and his  
crew is all on shore  
And he and his lieutenants  
are lurking round  
Wyman's store.

Bass Harbor is the very  
place where the cut-  
ter she does stay,  
And we have nothing for  
to fear, the catchers  
of the bay.

## Lobstering 80 Miles Offshore

CAN lobster fishing be practically and profitably conducted 70 or 80 miles offshore? Are there lobsters to be found in quantity at that distance? Are they big or little? That is what Clarence R. Stickney of 120 Spring Street, Portland, proposes to find out. But let him tell the interesting story himself.

"I was in the lobster business at Eastport for 20 years," said he to the *Atlantic Fisherman*, "but am now making my home in Portland, and have the time to try an experiment I have long wanted to make. It has seemed to me that if the right bottom could be found offshore where the fishermen do not ordinarily set their traps there ought to be plenty of lobsters.

"Some of the older fishermen I have talked to have told me that beyond question there are enough lobsters on Cashes Bank. Big ones, too; regular old Jumbos. One in a while they hook such a lobster on a trawl. These couldn't crawl into an ordinary trap, but the way I plan to fish, they'll come right along with the smaller ones.

"Here at the start let me say I am not a practical fisherman. Don't pretend to be, but I have been in the lobster business a good many years, have seen all kinds of traps, and have been close to the lobstermen in many sections of the Maine coast.

"Now, Cashes lies S. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S., 69 miles from the Cape Elizabeth Lightship or about 75 miles from the end of Cape

Elizabeth. It is 22 miles long, 17 wide and consists of three shoals. Water runs from 4 to 7 and 11 fathoms while on the edges you'll get 10 to 30 fathoms. In rough weather the water breaks, so, of course, you couldn't do business there unless it was fairly smooth. The bottom is rocky, sandy in spots, uneven and broken—good lobster grounds.

"My present plan is this: A Great Chebeague Island fisherman who has a 65-foot auxiliary schooner, has agreed to join forces with me and we will use his craft for the experiment. We hope to make our first trip the last of this April.

"This will not be the first time offshore lobster fishing has been tried. I think only last summer a Massachusetts lobsterman fished a few traps on Cashes and met with fair success. The main trouble heretofore has been that off there where the undertows are heavy so much gear was smashed and lost that all the profits were eaten up. So right in the beginning, I am trying to remedy that.

"I have a contrivance of my own get-up which I believe is immune to such loss. It consists of an iron hoop with sharp teeth that will cling to the bottom. Then there is a net-bag fastened to this and to a larger top hoop. This will be three or four feet tall and collapsible. When it hits the bottom it shuts up. Bait will be fastened in the center. When it is hauled it works much like the cunner

(Continued on Page 24)



# Liverpool Jarge

By HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

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YARN XI.

WE were overjoyed yesterday by receiving from Miss Mabelle Shaghellion of 26 Condor street, East Boston, a note to this effect: "When Uncle John died, he left behind a sea chest. Last Sunday we found in it a secret drawer containing a letter to you which I enclose."

This letter, dated Jan. 25, 1916, gives an authentic account of the manner in which Liverpool Jarge departed this life. Other accounts that were published a few years ago must be regarded as legendary.

## LIVERPOOL JARGE AND THE BULL As the World Wags:

Say what you like you can't trust a Spainyard. They're tricky. They ain't honest. I mind like yesterday the morning me and my good friend Liverpool Jarge goes ashore in Cadiz with the sun shinin' bright and warm and we feelin' happy and peaceful. It was of a Sunday. The good weather made Jarge feel rather religious and he had a washup and put on his other shirt and wore his best brass knucks, the silver pleted ones with the turkoise settins. Jarge said how he fancied he'd hunt up a church somewhere and get his spring prayin' done and then maybe find a good place and get some tattooin' that he'd been needin' for a long time. We was stony broke when we went ashore barrin' a lot of coin Jarge had sewed in the top of his trousers that he wouldn't unsew for nobody, but we found a Spanish cove sleepin' off the night before under the lee of a stone wall and we got a bale of very queer lookin' money off him. Only he woke up and Jarge had to bash him behind the ear and he went to sleep again.

I said how we'd divide the money. But Jarge said no it would be safer with him and if I wanted to I could try and get it. He said I could call half of it mine if I liked and he'd pay for what we et and drank and I said all right.

We couldn't see no church handy, so we went in a place and had a drink of white likker that tasted like coal oil and felt like skyrockets. I said it was bad likker but Jarge got very cross and breathed hard through his nose and said how it was the best likker he ever drank and if I didn't like it I could go off by myself. So I said how it was good and we had about 10 more goes of it and Jarge paid but grumbled and we got out on the street. Jarge was steppin' rather high and wide and took up a good deal of the sidewalk and kept swallerin' hard. After a bit we got hungry and we goes in a eatin' house with a lot of tables and a very strong smell of garlic. Next table there was a good lookin' Spanish cove with a pigtail and a round hat and a velvet jacket and a most amazin' pretty gal that Jarge got in love with almost at once. He waved his hand at her and hollered toodle oo but she smiled very lovin' at me and the Spainyard glared and sneered with his teeth.

The waiter was a foreigner very stupid. Jarge yelled beef about 20 times but he didn't make it. So Jarge got a pencil and paper and draws a cow very thefthy and neat and a work of art if I do say so. And the waiter dashes off and comes back lookin' proud with two pasteboard tickets. Just

then a very nice lad that spoke English comes up and says the tickets are to the bull fight that afternoon and Jarge asks him polite what the hell business it was of his and the feller looked scared and left. I says its too bad because very likely the lad could get us our steak but Jarge says to stow my gab we'll go to the fight anyhow and with that he grabs the bill of ladin' and points out something on it to the waiter. He comes back in about a minute with two plates

of beans all covered with a very poisonous looking red gravy. Jarge hadn't no manners to speak of, and et fast as a rule, and he grabs a big spoon and gollops into the beans. He'd got half of em down when he stops and looks hurt and riz up with his hand on his belly and lets go a terrifyin' screech. Help, he yells, I'm afire.

The good lookin' Spainyard laughs hearty and Jarge gets out his knucks and boards him. After that there was a very pleasant kind of a fight and some john-darms come and directly we're on the street runnin'. Jarge brought away the cove's pigtail and I was cut a bit. Jarge was burnin' up inside and kept fannin' his tongue with his hat. Little jets of steam come out the corners of his mouth and every time he blows his nose he burns a hole in his handkerchief. We walk around about two hours and had some

more white likker but it didn't help and Jarge was still in pain when we got to the fight.

Jarge was always very fond of bulls. He said when he got rich he'd have a tidy farm somewhere and keep nothin' but bulls. He said how there was no dumb animal that repaid kindness more than a bull, and he used to sing a song that went—"of all the beasts that roams the fields I'd rather be a bull."

When we got to the fight there was a mean looking bull in the ring bellerin' and tossin' up dirt and chasin' a lot of blokes with red capes that stuck little darts in him and a million Spainyards cheerin'. After a bit everybody gets out of the ring and one feller come out along with a little sword and its the same cove that sneers at Jarge in the eatin' house. Jarge wasted no time. He lets go a very wild howl and runs down the alley and swarms over the fence and the cove with the sword runs away. Jarge goes up to the bull and pats him on the nose and scratches him back of the ears and the bull looks very pleased and leans up against Jarge and begins to purr. Then Jarge makes his mistake. He puts his arm around the bul's neck and cuddles him and leans over and whispers in his ear. The bull snorts fierce and jumps about a rod and shakes his head and tries to scratch his ear with his hind foot. Then he looks at Jarge sad and then mad and charged with his head down. He hit Jarge amidships and knocked him agin a fence with a cigarette sign on it and Jarge died.

I went back of the ring and asked to see Jarge's carcase and they showed him to me all messed up only they'd took all our money off him and had ripped the top off his trousers and stole his brass knucks the dirty thieves. You can't trust a Spainyard and you can lay to that.

JOHN SAVAGE SHAGHELLION.



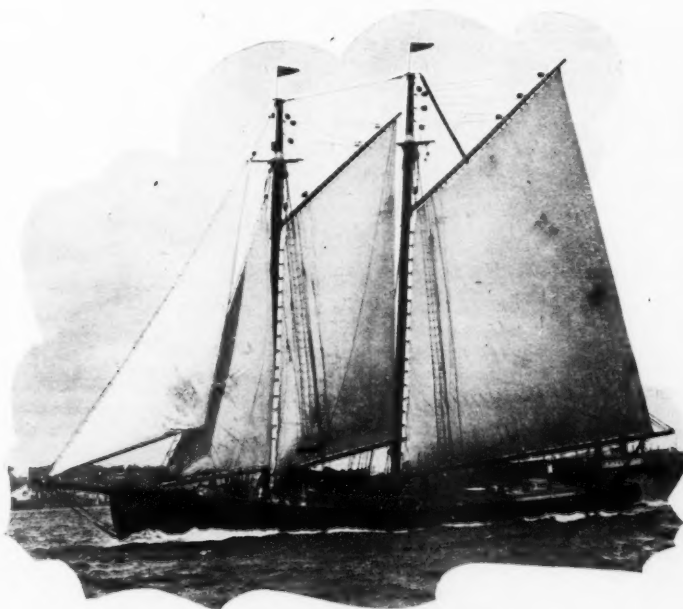


## A Pair of High-Liners

Schooner *Lark* and Schooner *Isabelle Parker*

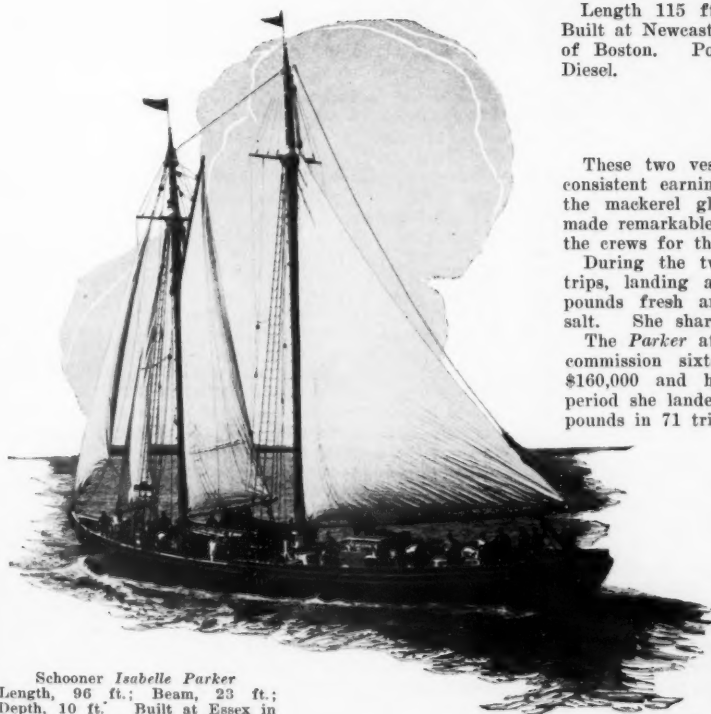


CAPT. ENOS NICKERSON  
Master of the  
*Isabelle Parker*



Schooner *Lark*

Length 115 ft.; Beam, 25 ft.; Depth, 10 ft.  
Built at Newcastle, Me., in 1922 for O'Hara Bros.  
of Boston. Powered with 230 H. P. Bessemer  
Diesel.



Schooner *Isabelle Parker*  
Length, 96 ft.; Beam, 23 ft.;  
Depth, 10 ft. Built at Essex in  
1925 for A. L. Parker of Boston.  
Powered with 100 H.P. Fairbanks,  
Morse oil engine.

These two vessels have established records for consistent earnings approached by few. Despite the mackerel glut of last summer, both vessels made remarkable stocks and shared big money for the crews for the year 1926.

During the twelve months the *Lark* made 38 trips, landing about three and a half million pounds fresh and over a quarter of a million salt. She shared about \$3,000.

The *Parker* at the end of 1926, after being in commission sixteen months, had stocked almost \$160,000 and had shared \$3,300. During that period she landed over four and a quarter million pounds in 71 trips.

Such consistency and the ability to get fish when the market is at its peak is the criterion of the born fisherman, but without dependable power in his craft his ability as a fisherman is wasted.

The *Lark* is one of a fleet of nine operated by the O'Hara's, most of which have Bessemer's. Mr. Parker of Arnold-Winsor Co. runs several powered with C-O's.



By M. E. McNulty

THE price of lobsters in the Boston market has been very satisfactory. The prevailing price for the lobsters in Bay of Fundy ports for shipment to Boston has been about 4 cents lower than the Boston market prices, which have ascended and descended a few cents above and below 45 cents per pound, since the opening of the season.

More buyers representing Boston lobster-handling firms and individuals have located for the season in the Bay of Fundy area than ever before. The increase in buying activity of the Boston lobster buyers has been particularly noticeable at Brier Island. A number of the representatives are making their headquarters at Westport, on the island and operating on the island and on the mainland in motorboats.

One of the most successful openings of the season was made by Leger E. Comeau of Comeauville. On the opening day he secured 39 large lobsters, or "shippers" as they are styled by the lobster fishermen. Meaning they can be sold to outside markets. He also had a good sized number of small lobsters, but that time there was no market for these owing to non-opening of all the canneries.

Among the first of the lobster packing plants to open for the season were: Louis H. Comeau plant at Meteghan; Elliott plant at Tiverton; J. W. Windsor plant at Little River.

Since the opening of the plants, the prevailing price for the small lobsters has been approximately 5 to 10 cents. Although the price is not like that offered for the big lobsters, the canning plants give the fishermen an opportunity to dispose of the small lobsters they find in their traps.

An agitation has been under way among the lobster canners operating along the Prince Edward Island shores seeking a later opening and closing for the lobster fishing season in that section, both on the ocean shore and the Northumberland Strait seaboard. Here, the season has a very late opening, the date being April 26, and the closing on June 26. It was contended that at the start of the season, the lobster gear has been damaged in the floating ice, and this has curtailed the catch considerably, for about a week or ten days at the outset. It was argued that the start should be made at May 5, instead of April 26, and the closing date be July 6, instead of June 26. When the matter was taken up with the department of marine and fisheries, it was pointed out that fishermen in other sections would strongly object to what would be termed discrimination against them, if the department acceded to the wishes of the islanders. So, it was decided that for the current season at least, the season would remain unaltered.

The canners of the island propose to carry the fight into next year. They maintain the coast of the island is more affected by floating ice during April and early in May, than elsewhere, hence the necessity of retarding the opening.

The indications at present are for satisfactory lobster fishing in the Bay of Fundy this season. There has not been as much floating ice in the bay as usual at this time of year. The winter was comparatively mild and devoid of many big storms.

It's a doubtful distinction, but it fell to the lot of a boy to be the first accident victim of the lobster fishing season this year in the Canadian waters. He is Albert Thurber of Tiverton, aged 17. He was out in the Bay of Fundy looking after some traps, when a very heavy sea developed. The boy was in the Grand Passage at the time. He made a strenuous attempt to get the boat back to Tiverton, but, instead was blowing out to sea, and gradually filling with water despite his efforts to bail.

His plight was noticed from the land, and a telephone message sent to Tiverton and relayed to Capt. Emmett

Thimet of the lobster smack, *Alden Elliott*, and Elmer Weyman also of the smack. This craft was unloading lobsters at the Elliott lobster cannery wharf at the time the notification came.

When the smack pulled up alongside the boat Thimet and Weyman found the boy almost completely exhausted. And he collapsed before he was brought to land. On arriving at Tiverton the lad was given treatment and placed in bed, where he remained for about a week before he had recovered his strength and composure. There is no doubt that he would have been drowned had he been unnoticed from the shore.

The rescuers are both veterans in lobster fishing and the rescuing smack is utilized in transporting lobsters from the traps of the fishermen to the Elliott plant at Tiverton.

The number of traps put down by individual fishermen this season has varied. The number has ranged from 50 to 500 usually. At the start, some of the men contented themselves with a comparatively small number of the traps owing to hazard from floating ice and high winds. Others took chances with fate and set down almost as many at the outset as they would be placing later on.

At Meteghan alone there are about 20 gasoline boats used in lobster fishing exclusively at present. At Comeauville, there are 12. At Saulnierville, there are about 10, at Little Brook and Church Point about 7 each. These are all within a comparatively few miles of coastline. There are also numerous dories being used in the lobster fishing in this section.

Probably nowhere in the Bay of Fundy territory has the improvement in lobster fishing been so noticeable as in the Westport-Freeport-Tiverton section, particularly at Westport. The advance in lobster fishing here has been remarkable. More lobsters are shipped to markets outside of this section now in one season than were shipped in four or five seasons, about a quarter century ago. And the value has increased more than 1,000 per cent. At a moderate estimate there are now approximately 12,000 traps laid down on the coast of Brier Island, which means anywhere between a couple of yards to 9 or 10 miles from the land or rocks. In the olden days, the fishermen considered themselves lucky to sell their lobsters at a few cents per pound. Now they can get at least 35 cents a pound, without doing any sales work themselves. The buyers are making daily pilgrimages among them in their motorboats, and buying all that are available at attractive prices, usually above 40 cents.

About 50 motorboats and 75 dories are now engaged on Brier Island in the lobster fishery. In many instances whole families are in partnership in the fishing, a father and as many as five or six sons being thus engaged. The lobstermen withdraw from all other fishing activities, except perhaps from the food angle for their families, during the lobster season.

The captain of a Prince Edward Island fishing schooner who recently brought a cargo of fish to the mainland at Shediac told one of the most gruesome stories of mistaken identity ever narrated. The fisherman had been docked at Tignish. While the vessel was there, the relatives of a man who was announced as having passed away in a hospital at Falconwood, a former fisherman who had been deficient mentally for some years, were notified the body was shipped to Tignish. But at the wake, when the head plate was removed it was found the body was not that of the man named. An investigation disclosed that the deceased was another patient of the hospital from a fishing place named Miminegash, who had also been a fisherman and bore a name similar to that of the Tignish man. The latter was in his usual health in the institution.

One of the defects of the fisheries in the maritime provinces is the lack of rapid transportation facilities for the carrying of the fresh fish from Canadian ports to U. S. Points. An effort to provide a remedy for this is said to be planned.

The Duncan Commission, appointed to investigate the grievances of the maritime provinces reported there is need for much educational work in behalf of the fisheries. Demonstrations should be given of the most efficient methods of curing and canning fish, emphasizing the relative values of specified grades of salt. There should also be instruction in approved methods of marketing, and the food value of fish stressed in an effort to induce the people to eat more of the sea food.

## News from THE Provinces

**I**N a review of the Nova Scotia Fisheries for the month of March, issued by Ward Fisher, Chief Fisheries Inspector for the Eastern Division of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, the total quantity of all fish landed was 8,749,300 pounds having a value of \$435,221 as compared with 9,224,400 pounds and a value of \$406,026 for March of last year.

While there was a decrease of over 2,000,000 pounds in the cod catch there was an increase of about half million pounds in the haddock catch. The total catch of fish was somewhat smaller than for the same month of last year but it is to be noted that the value was higher due to the lobster catch.

There was a heavy increase in the lobster catch, 1,167,800 pounds taken, as compared with 734,100 pounds for March

ship. The engineer was the first to give the alarm and the crew immediately turned to the task of fighting the flames. Holes were cut in the deck and great waves which swept over the vessel carried the water down into the hold which helped in the task. After the valiant efforts of the crew the fire was put under control, but the vessel was badly burned and the machinery forced the side out of the vessel and she began rapidly to fill.

Eight members of the crew who stayed and fought the flames had barely enough time to get to the boats before the ship sank. The other members of the crew had taken to the boats sometime before and were nearly out of sight. A heavy sea was running with snow in blustery squalls. The position of the men in the boat was precarious until found by the schooner *Isabelle Parker*, Captain Enos Nickerson formerly of Woods Harbor but now of Boston.

While the crew of the ill-fated vessel were leaving the ship Daniel Surette fell overboard and was not seen again. The other men were not seen again, although the *Isabelle Parker* cruised about and the *C. G. S. Arleux*, Captain H. Cousins was sent out in search of the missing members. It is believed they all perished.

The *Commonwealth* was a auxiliary schooner of 141 gross tons. Her dimensions were: 103 ft. in length; 24 ft. beam, and 11.8 ft. in depth. Built in Essex in 1913 she was one of the best known American fishermen. She had a 100 hp. oil engine.

Digby fishermen were also hard put during the month. Arthur Hersey and Emdon Stark, two Broad Cove fishermen ran into difficulties when their engines stopped. Due to the



UPPER LEFT: Herring Cove. LOWER RIGHT: Lerrance Bay, two of the many small fishing villages on the Nova Scotia shores. Thousands of men engage in lobstering and shore fishing. LOWER LEFT: Fish drying at Lunenburg. UPPER RIGHT: Seven of the eight members of the *Commonwealth* rescued when their craft burned off the Nova Scotia coast in April.

of last year. The scallop also shows a large increase, 8,248 gallons shelled, as compared with 2,570 gallons for last March.

The many disasters that have over-taken the fishermen on the Nova Scotia coast during the month of April have been the worst since the loss of the *Sylvia Mosher* and *Sadie Knickle* over a year ago. The greatest loss of all in which Canadian and American fishermen alike deeply mourn is that of the schooner *Commonwealth*, Captain Frank Watts when she was destroyed by fire on Brown's Bank fifty miles off the Nova Scotia coast.

It was when the crew were asleep below, while riding out a rough sea, that disaster overtook the vessel when some gasoline exploded in the engine room setting fire to the whole

fact they were able to get their engine started they avoided being dashed up on a ledge off Digby.

Cecil Tanner, Fred Naas and Harry Crouse, three Lunenburg boys who left Lunenburg in a fishing boat caused some concern when they did not return home. Additional alarm was caused when it was learned that boats, which accompanied the craft, which were with the three boys got in to Chester with difficulty. The tug boat *Mascot* went out in search for the missing boys who turned up safely.

A number of the Digby scallop fleet got into difficulties during the month when their boats developed engine trouble. Three of the boats had engine trouble while the Raymond boat lost her rudder but was fortunate in having smooth water

(Continued on Page 23)





By the Fisherman's Doctor

**T**HE bore tides continue to be a menace to the lobstermen of Corea as on account of the small mooring area in the harbor the lobster boats have to be moored too near together, and when as often happens a huge bore comes rushing in at low water, many boats, oars and lobsters are badly damaged and lost. All this loss could be prevented and the yield from lobstering and other fisheries doubled by providing an adequate harbor for the Corea fishermen, which could be easily done by expending a small appropriation in dredging out the flats of the harbor and thus providing adequate mooring grounds for the lobster fleet.

Corea fishermen are very busy now painting their boats and getting everything ready and shipshape for the Spring set.

In west Gouldsboro bay the smelt fishermen are making good hauls.

In Gouldsboro and Millbridge bays the weirmen are building their weirs to be in readiness for the Spring schools of herring.

Sam Colwell, one of the grand old timers, of the Corea lobster men, who has been through all the vicissitudes of the lobster industry, and has taken his share of storm and stress, and who has contributed much to the advancement of the local fisheries, has retired from salt water activity and has set up a promising poultry business ashore, and his old time friends, and certainly all Atlantic Fishermen wish him a large measure of success in his new avocation.

The lobstermen have been cleared out of the lobster pounds and now comes the cry of the usual large shipments from "Novie", but if state and nation would only provide adequate harbor facilities for the Corea fishermen they could and would provide plenty of lobsters at all times.

Hank and Howard at Wyman, for the Wyman Packing Company, are doing a thriving business and giving employment to many fishermen who on account of inadequate harbor facilities at Corea Harbor haven't any proper winter protection for their craft, who have been waiting through the long hard winter months for the spring opening of the lobster season. They are surely glad for a chance to earn a dollar digging and packing clams.

The Winter Harbor fleet of netters are just getting started, but as yet have not been getting many fish.

Verlie Davis of Corea has bought the lobster boat erstwhile skippered by Foster Tracey.

David Young has launched his boat, and is installing a new Knox motor, and will soon be bringing in the lobsters, plenty of which are waiting for him.

The sardine factory at Prospect Harbor has been put in readiness and the owners expect to put up a large pack of sardines, and a great many worthy people are anticipating hearing the factory whistle once again after its silence of seven years.

The progressive Italy Marine Repair works at Corea is certainly proving a big factor in helping the fishermen of Corea to carry on, hampered as they are by insufficient mooring area in Corea harbor, and you ought to see the many fine lobster and fishing boats that are being launched from it's yards.

Where so many fishermen have been obliged to curtail their winter activities on account of lack of harbor anchorage, even the shore rats have suffered and became so hungry that they gnawed holes in a Ford marine engine, and have been trying to gnaw away the ledges to let sufficient water up to the wharves that the fishboats may bring and afford them scrap enough to live on.

Tourists and summer visitors are buying up cottage sites along Corean shores and several new homes will be built the coming season. Prices are reasonable and a royal welcome awaits all comers. See Corea this summer.

At Petitmanan Point they all used to brag about their large clams but now the fishermen there are in a quandary as to whether their large clams are law breakers or whether they'd better fine their own fish-warden. Recently the local fish-warden went to Chair-Pond Cove for a mess of clams to feed his family. He easily dug a boatload; there are plenty of 'em there, and went back to his own shore and with the help of a fisherman commenced shucking. Taking up a moderate sized one, he noticed something black in it, and opened it up, and both fisherman and warden were surprised and alarmed for it contained one white winged coot. Now there is a closetime on seabirds, and a stiff fine for having them in your possession. Now must that fisherman prosecute that clam or that warden, or who is to blame anyhow? If the clam had been a lobster could you have taken away his license?

Seth and Donald Joyee at Atlantic are building a fishing boat for Everett Lamoine of Old Harbor.

Commissioner Crie presented the case of fishermen for exemption from gasoline tax, and the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN petition, signed by more than 1200 fishermen. Hearing was held by legislative committee on March 16. Bill was reported back from committee, as "ought not to pass". Matter is not yet decided as two different forms for abatement of gasoline tax to fishermen are yet pending. And the Bangor News commented—"And why shouldn't the fishermen have relief from gas tax?"

Reported back from legislative committee—act permitting setting traps on trawls—ought to pass.

On act granting right to gather kelp and seaweed—ought to pass.

On act re-digging clams at Wells—ought to pass.

On act re-use of purse and drag seines—ought not to pass.

Act on abolishment of Sea & Shore Fisheries Commission met with much opposition and protests from most of the fishermen. Mr. Crie has done more for the fishermen than any other man in the state and we need him on the job as he is.

An example for any hi-jacking lobstermen. Gus Fletcher of Isle au Haut found in one of his lobster pots the other day a half pint bottle tightly corked and fastened to the baitbag. The bottle contained a good ten dollar bill. He had to smash the bottle to get the money and found with it a paper on which was scrawled—"Conshunce Fund".

Seals are numerous in Bluehill bay and along shores of Hancock County and are doing much damage to weirs.

Smelt fishermen at East Sullivan made some very good catches for wind-up of season.

Clam diggers are doing well at Jonesboro and Machiasport.

The Lawrence Packing Company has been organized at Rockland with capital stock of \$50,000, all common. Shares par \$100.00, President—Alfred K. Strout of Thomaston; Treasurer—Katherine C. Berry of Rockland; and Allan L. Bird of Rockland on Board of Directors.

Eastport's new clam canning factory is going big.

The *Mary Arnold*, tugboat of Seacoast Canning Co., has been brought to Eastport from Head Harbor, Campobello, N. B., and has been repaired, improved and tuned up ready for opening of sardine season.

The paispearl laboratory makes essence out of fishscales. Burton Turner, manager, has gone to Virginia to install a like plant there. There will soon be fish scales in plenty.

Dennett of Castine has just launched a fine fish-boat for Charles Wardwell.

Capt. Latty of Tremont sailed from Machias to bring a load of lathes from Halifax for the fishermen.

Weirmen at Eastport and thereabouts are mending seines and repairing weirs, and getting ready for an expected big season which opens after April 15th. Ice has done little damage during the winter but storms and seals have worked a little havoc.

G. S. Bridges of Sedgwick has started up the clam factory and is doing good business.

Captain Joseph Farris has had his forty foot motorboat repaired and improved and recently launched ready for big business.

C. A. Morse and Son of Thomaston have launched a large fisherman on which they have been working during the winter.

From Buck's Harbor comes word of finding of small lot of large sized scallops, between Yellow Island and Buck's



Head. The shells were 28 inches across, and either shell would hold three buckets of water. The shells are used for a bathtub for baby, and for wash basins and pudding dishes. And one fisherman is trying one out as a loud speaker for his radio.

It is reported that Ernest Wellman of Sargentville believes that lobsters want their meals served in dainty fashion, and that looks, as well as the smell of bait, attract them. He uses a glass preserve jar with holes punched in the cover, fills it with sea water with a few live smelts put into the jar, and attaches it in place of the usual bait bag. He says traps so baited catch more lobsters than the usual fashion.

rocks. Five small power boats came to her aid and towed her in to Chebeague island where her propeller was cleared.

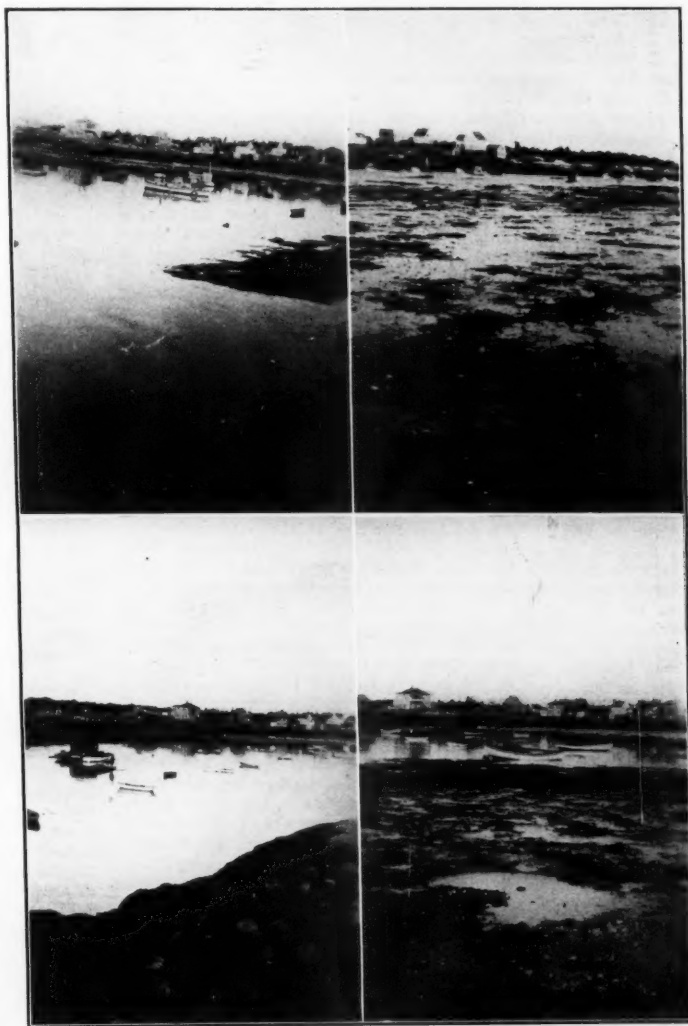
Capt. Virgil Wescoit of Brooklin while aboard his gasoline sloop at McKinley was badly burned about his face and hands, and had to be taken home. While filling his gas tank he spilled gas on his clothes, and a few minutes later while fueling his heater, his clothing blazed up. He will recover.

The Morse Lobster Company has been organized at Portland with \$10,000 common stock. Officers are—President, John E. Willard of Cape Elizabeth; Treasurer, John E. Willard; other Directors, George F. Gould and E. Thompson of Portland.

## Low Tide in Corea Harbor



*These pictures show the need for the dredging which the Fisherman's Doctor so strongly advocates. There is insufficient room for the present fleet of boats to say nothing of room for more.*



Fresh halibut have lately been brought into Eastport, and the yield of cod and haddock is picking up.

M. L. Gray of Cape Rosier has sold his motorboat to David Dyer. Maurice Gray is having a schooner built by J. D. Morse of Damariscotta for fishing.

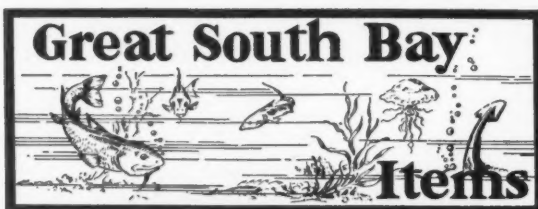
One of the connecting rods in the engine of the motorboat of Addison Parker of Minturn broke while he was off to the southward of Swans Island, and did about a hundred dollars damage to the boat. He was towed into the harbor by Capt. Win. Murphy of McKinley.

Lobster prices are on the downhaul; a short spell ago price was fifty-five cents—then forty and now thirty, but gas has been going up to twenty-nine cents a gallon, and the gas tax not yet remitted to fishermen.

While the fishing schooner, *Alice M. Doughty*, was fishing off Cliff island, her nets got caught in the propeller, and the engines were disabled, and the tides drove her on the

Freeman Young of Port Clyde caught Codfish tagged No. 29958 off Metinic, and reported to Bureau of Fisheries. The museum of Comparative Zoology of Cambridge, Mass., acknowledged and gave the following information. The cod had been tagged on May 19, 1925, one mile SSE of Little Duck Island and was then twenty inches long. When caught by the Port Clyde fisherman it weighed 7½ pounds. 20,000 cod, 5,000 pollock and 8,000 haddock have been tagged, and thus we are learning about the migrations and habits of fish.

During the March storms a motorboat owned by Morris Beal of Manset broke away from her moorings and hit the rocks at the head of the harbor and sank. The coastguard raised her next day and took her to Manset docks. At the same time a sloop was saved from the same fate by fishermen who were near enough to save her.



Lloyd Chester Harris

THE old adage that love lightens labor and furthermore tends to dispel the monotony and inactivity of the later years of life applies most excellently to Gilbert M. Smith of Patchogue, who in his eighty-third year, is hard at work on what ostensibly is his last boat and one that he intends shall be the crowning masterpiece of the shipbuilder's art. And to him boat building is an art of the highest type and one that he has developed through the many years of his craft to such a point that he is recognized all up and down the coast as the dean of his chosen field of activity. This boat that he is now at work on is aimed to outclass a long list of the finest small sailing craft, and also some small fishing boats, that have ever cut the waves, all of which have been the product of his superb craftsmanship.

Since early boyhood there has been one great, never ending love in the life of Captain Smith, as he is affectionately and professionally known throughout these parts, and that love has been a boat. It has been a pride and joy throughout his life and to him the expression that a thing of beauty is a joy forever is more than just a remark. It is an ideal in which he has embodied all of the finest principles of progress and ingenuity in the craft which he stands ace high in. Never once has his enthusiasm for a yacht or his desire to make one trimmer, faster and more nearly perfect than the last one lagged. Instead it has constantly increased as his craft has called forth the finest that the hand and mind can combine in material things.

One of the peculiar, and yet interesting, phases of Captain Smith's life has been that time after time he has "retired" never again to build another boat. Just as often as he has retired he has resumed his activities and his friends say it will be so until the Master of all takes him across the unknown seas. His latest resumption of activity was late last summer when he again returned to his shop, despite his fourscore years and three to build one more boat that would mark the apex of an already glorious career.

With the assistance of others the keel was laid, but that ended the assistance, and since then he has carefully, slowly and with the utmost diligence worked on this marvel sloop of the P class, 38 feet long, as it has taken form. Now it is approaching the finished stage and spring will find it ready to take to the water. All of his other craft he has sold but this one, he avers, will be his own and one which he himself will sail, despite the fact that a nationally known sportsman and yachtsman is dickering hard for it.

Mr. Smith's progress in boat building dates back to the time when he was a boy in Good Ground. Never a student of any teacher in boat building and never the apprentice of any noted tutor, he early acquired a fondness for boat building, but along lines that were purely his own. Little by little his ideas were formulated into definite designs and he started building boats at Good Ground. One of the first boats he built, one of the cat boat class, is still in service on Shinnecock Bay after 50 years of sailing.

In 1876 he came to Patchogue and in 1882 he opened his present yards on the Patchogue River off West Avenue where he has been located ever since. When he started operations he made a vow that each boat that he built would be an improvement over the last and every time he has succeeded. To many this would seem well nigh an impossibility but to him it has meant progress and achievement. Time after time it has happened that a boat which he built last year would win a cup or a race and the owner would come back for a boat to beat the winner of the previous year and always a winner was built. When the request for a better boat would come in he would study his problem and then get to work and exemplify the aim made at the outset of his career.



By Joseph C. Allen

AS a month, and this is said after due consideration and reflection, April has all others of previous years backed clean off the calendar in these latitudes. Wind, water and weather have been about as near perfection as anything that falls to the lot of insignificant and profane man.

That don't mean that we haven't had any wind, hell no! even the babies have wind on the Vineyard. But it has been one darned fine month, with no fog or rain until the very last end and no storms, and the fish are laying neek-deep to a giraffe.

Our lads have been taking plenty of herring, especially in the pond traps; the shore seiners haven't found things so good. The otter trawlers haven't had a bit of trouble about loading up every day they fished and the line trawlers have done just as well. The draggers, of course, are bringing in pugs mostly; the yellow-tails have just about gone by, and the line-trawlers have been tending the cod principally, although they have taken the usual number of big blackbacks that seem to come inshore at this season of the year. There have been a few haddock taken, also, but only a few.

During the week of the twenty-second, some of the boys made a cleanup on pollock. The school struck on Devil's Budge Ledge where the boys were line trawling and just ruined the gear. Pere' Tilton and Norman West from Menemsha Bight lost their trawls, but they had their drails along and when they came in they pitched out five thousand pounds. Not bad for a little launch and two men. These lads were high hook for two days, but the market wasn't equal to the strain.

That's been the only real trouble this month; the ending of Lent and the occurrence of Jewish holidays made themselves felt more among our small boat fishermen than they do among the big chaps. But all in all, things are looking up.

Several of the outside traps are in and there are more lobster pots overboard for the time of year than there has been since Hector depended solely upon his mother for assistance. The reason for this is the way they started up in the bay.

During the week of the eighth, one lad set a string of gear and landed three hundred pounds of lobster at least two weeks earlier than they were expected. More gear went in and on the week of the twenty-fifth, up to Thursday night, three thousand pounds had been bailed out of the wells. These came from the head of the bay and Cuttyhunk, and while those lads always expect to get lobsters before the Vineyarders, this is very unusual.

The bait still hangs with us strong and the scup are only a little way to the south'ard of us, everyone looks forward to a darned good season and there is every indication that they will get just what they are looking for.

Coming back to the lobster question, our lads have a peculiar grievance. Egg-bearing lobsters are not purchased by the hatcheries in Massachusetts, but they are in Rhode Island, the line of which is but a few miles to the westward of us. Well, outside of the three mile limit, where the best fishing is to be had, there are plenty of these lady crustaceans which our lads are not allowed to keep. The Rhode Island boys catch them, take them home, fifty miles away, perhaps, in some instances, where they deposit their eggs and are set adrift. Lobsters are plentiful in Rhode Island waters right now, but last season was a mighty poor one for us, and some of the boys claim that this system is helping to make things even worse.

Now as to news, there have been a few momentous happenings around the Vineyard this month. Two darned fine fishing schooners have been captured by the coast guard for smuggling hootch. The first, the *Minnie V.* of Fairhaven was overhauled off East Chop with 557 cases of something in the hold. The second, the *Etta M. Burns*, of Boston,

piled up on the ocean side of the Island on the morning of the twenty-third, with several hundred cases under a fare of fish. She is still lying there at this writing and looks as if she was done for. Of course, there is no implication that real honest-to-God fishermen are concerned in this law breaking, but a man who loves good vessels must feel a little bit sick to see one of them make such an ending.

Another thing that deserves mention is an otter that got into a pond seine operated by John Bassett of Chilmark. There isn't anything remarkable about that except that the critter made a hit with John by swimming along the net and driving the fish away from it as the seine was being hauled. Naturally, it made the work very much easier and now John is trying to train the otter to do his stuff regular.

This report wouldn't be complete without a mention of our fleet of bull-rakers who are bringing in their usual quota of littlenecks. Almost two hundred of them, fishing the same beds year after year without diminishing the supply. That shows system, and one that we folks are proud of.

Last month's ATLANTIC FISHERMAN wanted yarn-spinners to cut loose high, wide and handsome on the subject of big clams. Your correspondent, who spends his days loafing in wheel-houses and on caplogs, don't want to make anyone feel cheap, but really, these bath tub and ship cradle stories can't hold a candle to an account set forth in the log of the whale ship *Helenblazes* which sailed from Edgartown in 1802 for the Atlantic.

Without going into all the details; the ship went out and got quite a jag of oil, then ran into a hurricane and was blown ashore on the coast of Africa where she went all to pieces. The greater part of her gear, spars and stores were saved by the crew who all landed safely, but they had no means of building a craft that they cared to cross the ocean in.

The story goes on to relate that "one Agernemmon Smith, seaman, found a tremendous mollusk, or clamme," and the idea came to these men to use the shell for a boat, which idea was put into execution.

They decked it over with planks from the wreck, built quarters, bulkheads and rigged it with the spars and sails. When they were done, they loaded all of their stores, casks and so on, aboard and sailed. The clam shell handled so well that they decided to finish their voyage and, accordingly kept on whaling, returning within the time limit set with more oil than their original ship could have held. Her ending is not certain, but certain documents seem to show that she was later sailed over to the Sandwich Islands and presented to a native ruler who dismantled her and used the shell for a temple roof.

## News from the Provinces

(Continued from Page 19)

to navigate to port. It has been clearly demonstrated during the past year unless some protection is given the Digby scallopers by means of a life boat or fishery patrol cruiser the industry will be seriously impaired and may result in a worse tragedy such as the loss of the lives of some of the fishermen.

The schooner *Elizabeth Ward*, Captain Freeman Corkum reported at Lunenburg on April 7 with her main boom broken. The accident happened on the banks when the schooner *Nina Conrad* was coming around her stern to speak with the vessel's crew. Coming too close to the vessel she struck her main boom. The *Elizabeth Ward* had 700 quintal of fish. The *Haligonian*, Captain Moyle Crouse was also in at Lunenburg with 600 quintal of fish. Codfish was scarce at the time and haddock plentiful.

Schooner *Marian Elizabeth*, Captain John Westhaver, arrived at Lunenburg during the last of March to land her cook, Howard Langille of Martin's River who was suffering from pleurisy. The vessel was in port earlier in the month and since then had two days of fishing. She had 150 quintals of fish.

Vessels arriving home from the frozen baiting trip report catches much smaller due to the rough weather encountered on the banks. The catch is expected to be smaller than last year owing to the fact that not as many vessels as last year left on the trip. The *Bluenose*, Captain Angus Walters, has arrived back at Lunenburg from the banks with a catch of 800 quintals.



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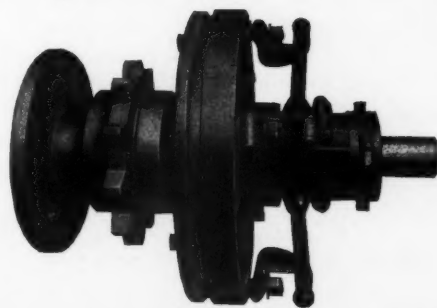
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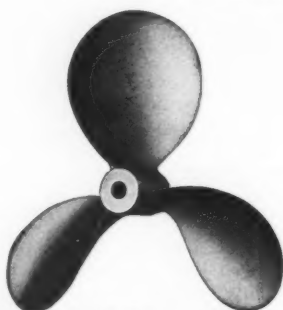
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and size of grains as of whitefish roes. For-  
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HANS CHRISTENSEN, Altona-Elbe, Germany

## Lobstering 80 Miles Offshore

(Continued from Page 15)

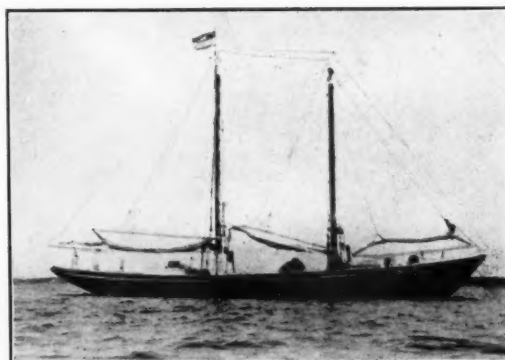
trap. Lifting it opens the bag and the lobsters, big and little, that are eating the bait, drop into it. Of course such a trap must be pulled shortly after setting and doesn't have to be left down like a slatted pot. Whether it will fish remains to be seen.

"I shall start in with 10 of these traps which I figure will cost me \$4 or \$5 each. Then I shall take an equal number of ordinary pots and set them and compare results. At first we will buoy them all separately but if we succeed and go into the thing on a large scale, we will set our traps on trawls.

"Where we would market the catch would depend on the nature of the hauls. If, as a good many seem to think, there are plenty of big lobsters on Cashes, why we would bring them right in here to Portland. But if there should be a lot of those running from nine to just under 10½ inches, illegal in Maine but all right in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, we might have to unload at Portsmouth or Boston.

"If the experiment works out as I hope, I should say that eventually we would want a good able mother vessel to carry several hundred traps and to quarter perhaps half a dozen men to work them and keep the lobsters coming. Then a fast power tender would be required to rush the live lobsters to market. Seems to me it would make a good summer job for some of our college boys who wanted a little healthful excitement along with a fair wage during their vacations.

"In order to make a paying enterprise there ought to be at least half a dozen men fishing about 50 traps to a man. If each trap only averaged one count lobster a day



Sch. Reliance, Captain Gus Doughty, of Great Chebeague Island, with which the experiments in fishing for lobsters on Cashes Bank will be made.

it would be a profitable game. Of course the regular shore lobstermen probably wouldn't care about laying off and on for several days around Cashes, but I think, as I just said, the job might appeal to young fellows who love the open and adventure.

"Of course I am making all allowances for a lot of things. First, the lobsters must be there. Second, the gear used to catch them must be of a nature that will stand. Third, presuming I have a trap that won't smash up, will it fish? Well, there's only one way to find out, and if nothing prevents I'll soon know whether offshore lobstering is practical!"

### An Early Experiment

Walter S. Trefethen, treasurer of the N. F. Trefethen Company, wholesale lobster dealers on Custom House Wharf, tells an interesting early experiment in offshore lobstering.

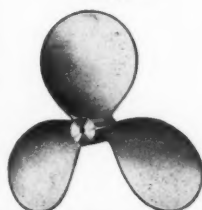
"About 10 or a dozen years ago," said he, "we tried this deep-water lobstering from our auxiliary-schooner Fannie Belle, Captain Orrin Burns. I put up the vessel, so to speak, and Captain Burns and some other fishermen, of Friendship, put in their gear and time. The first trips were in the spring of the year.



**Cap'n Allswell says:**

**"Don't let a 'half hearted' propeller spoil your summer's work—put on a Columbian."**

**(Write for "Propellers in a Nut Shell")**



**The Columbian Bronze Corp., 224 N. Main St. Freeport, L. I., N. Y.  
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## COLUMBIAN *Bronze* PROPELLERS

"There were plenty of lobsters, there is no question as to that. But they caught so many of the size illegal in Maine; that is, from nine up to just under 10½ inches, that in order to make the venture pay, they had to carry their catches to Boston or Portsmouth.

"Considering the high rates of marine insurance, and the risk of keeping a vessel off there near the shoals in the blowy spring weather, and also reckoning in a great loss to gear which was smashed up on the rocky bottom, our percentage as the vessel owners didn't seem enough to warrant keeping it up. If I could have handled the whole trip right here; everything over nine inches, it might have been a different story. Loss of gear has been the principal deterrent to offshore lobstering. I have no doubt there are good lobsters there and I should say that the experiments that have been made along that line have been fairly successful."

Other lobster men and fish dealers seem inclined to believe that if Mr. Stickney has a trap that can be fished repeatedly within a comparatively short time, and that will not smash in the heavy offshore currents, or if left down during a storm, that he may succeed in his venture.

"That open-mouthed trap way of catching a lobster," commented M. J. Flaherty, Portland Pier wholesale and retail fish dealer, "is a great way of pulling them in when they are plenty. When I was a boy playing around the Grand Trunk wharves, some of us youngsters used to rig up a crude trap. We would hunt up an old iron tire off of some wagon wheel, and find enough old net at a junk shop to make a bag.

"In the bottom of this we would spread out and fasten a white handkerchief or an old piece of white cloth and lower the outfit down among the rocks, near the old Great Eastern Wharf. Something about the white showing there

on the bottom drew the lobsters better than a bag of bluebacks or a nice ripe herring might have. In no time we would have three or four dozen, and big fellows, too.

"We boiled them and ate all we could and then sold the rest for 2½ cents apiece. You could buy them in the store for five or six cents or not more than 10 cents at retail. Nothing like that today!"

### The Story of Cotton Twine

**D**O you know who made the first fish netting twine in America; what the man's occupation was and how he came to turn to making twine for the highliner of the 1840's? Do you know what the characteristics are of the best cotton for netting? If you want to know, and also want to learn some other things about cotton twine which are interesting as well as worth knowing you can get a copy of "The Story of Cotton Twine", a nicely illustrated booklet, from the Linen Thread Co., 577 Atlantic Ave., Boston, by sending them a postcard.

### How to Avoid Leaky Boats

**T**HERE is a grade of Jeffery's Marine Glue for every purpose about a boat, and every boat owner may know the different kinds and their purposes if he will get a copy of the new booklet No. 27, "Marine Glues, What to Use and How to Use It" just issued by L. W. Ferdinand & Co., 152 Kneeland St., Boston, Mass. This booklet has been carefully prepared both in text and illustrations, to make it as comprehensive as possible. A copy will be mailed on request. Don't go through this season with a leaky boat. Write for a copy at once.

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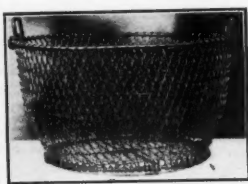
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